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charitable regret at Cézanne's pathetic lack of technical education, when one looks at the bloated monsters he longed to make decorative? Invoking the immortal names of Tintoretto, Rubens and Delacroix as the *patrons* of his unhappy hero, your eminent critic ties a string to his superlatives by saying "there is some [*sic*] excuse for the complaint of his want of drawing, for he was always plastic before he was linear." That is incontestable!

Years hence, when, after the war, the speculations of the market turn to new sensational innovations, will not posterity label Cézanne only an ill-educated offspring of the master Manet? Why not reproduce as an antidote, the astounding work of the Cro-Magnon draughtsmen of wild beasts, made in the caves of Altamira 20,000 years before the Christian era?

This letter was elicited by an article in *The Burlington* in which Mr. Roger Fry, former curator of painting at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, under the directorate of Sir Caspar Purdon Clark, takes with utmost seriousness the book written by Vollard the art dealer about Cézanne. When in charge of the old canvases at the museum Mr. Fry rashly undertook to act as if he were a trained and competent restorer of pictures, much to the alarm of those who knew. Since his return to England he has been writing about modern pictures in a vein of rashness that suggests a similar incapacity to understand. It is this mistake on Mr. Fry's part in following a small and noisy band of Parisians in their effort to establish poor Cézanne as a master which has driven Mr. Ralph Curtis to the impatient outbreak above.

Note well that Vollard, who wrote this book about Cézanne—a sumptuous volume selling here for about \$25.00—is an *art dealer*, which means that he is probably interested financially in the rise and fall of the prices of Cézanne's work. And most likely he was allured to invest heavily in his works, and more likely is now trying to raise the price by boosting them, in an expensive volume, so as to unload them, if not on the public, at least upon the museums of the world, each one of which will want—these dealers believe—an example of the work of a man who like Cézanne was a subject of such bitter controversy.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Historic Silver of the Colonies and Its Makers. By Francis Hill Bigelow. (New York: Macmillan, \$6.) Some 476 pages of text, nearly 400 illustrations, a list of silversmiths and a general index to boot, make a book that is not only worth reading for the history and genealogy it contains but a book of reference. Old silver becomes to some collectors what golf or trout-fishing is to other men and it is a passion that shakes the economical precepts of women as well as men. Among collectors of silver teapots, mugs and candlecups there is a sympathy such as Walter Scott might have had but did not have in mind when he quoth:

It is the secret sympathy
The silver link, the silken tie
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.

Such amiable maniacs will find Mr. Francis Bigelow a pleasant guide among the old silver and

silversmiths of the good old colony days, more particularly among those of the New England provinces and states, for New York and the South get scanty notice by comparison. The author begins with standing cups for church use, beakers, tumblers, candlecups, and tankards, following with flagons, mugs, two-handled cups, chalices and baptismal basins, coming down later to such everyday things as spoons and ladles, candlesticks, teapots and kettles, sugar and punch bowls and even church and synagogue silver pieces. Oddly enough he has missed the potato ring, which could scarcely have failed to reach America from Ireland during the eighteenth century. A valuable book.

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The Dwelling Houses of Charleston, South Carolina. By Alice R. Huger Smith and D. E. Huger Smith. (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1917.) Miss Alice Huger Smith of Charleston is a water-color painter of note as well as an illustrator and for this handsome tome she has supplied a majority of the drawings taken directly from the old buildings described in the text. The frontispiece showing an old iron gateway is an etching by her hand. Considering the closeness of the social bond in Charleston one may look on this volume of nearly four hundred pages as a record not of one but of a half hundred families connected by ancient friendship if not always by ties of blood. Issued in a limited edition the book appeals necessarily to Southerners more than any one else; but those who study or merely enjoy colonial architecture will find much to attract them in the six score illustrations; indeed, both text and the pictures supplied by Mr. Albert Simons appear to have such readers in mind. Of course the Charlestonian alone will relish the remarks about streets and squares and forts long ago departed to limbo. One might recommend the volume unqualifiedly to Southern readers because of the historical and genealogical data mingled with the descriptive text but others not of "that same" need not fear a dull page. The discursions into family love and history do not form the worst kind of reading where there's brevity and a touch of kindly wit.

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Creators of Decorative Styles. By Walter A. Dyer. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1917. \$3.) There is no small skill required in order to make a volume of styles of furniture and interior decoration palatable to the reader, yet Mr. Dyer has achieved that same. He has done it chiefly by laying stress on the personality of various men who were exponents of varying fashions of their day in house decorations, confining himself with few exceptions to British decorators, designers and architects whose influence was naturally strongest in America. Picking out eleven men from Inigo Jones to Sheraton, he touches not only on the differences they introduced in the applied arts but on their characters and lives, so far as they are known. The book is composed of twelve essays, most of which appeared originally in *Arts and Decoration* and only recently in *THE ART WORLD*; Sir Christopher Wren, Grinling Gibbons, Chippendale and Sir William Chambers furnish the solid center of the book. Robert Adam, Wedgwood, Heppelwhite